

# LITTLE MEN and Little WOMEN

**Fishing Time.**  
I cannot fix my mind to-day  
On what I have to do;  
A picture haunts my inner eye  
Of waters swift and blue,  
My fingers itch to cast a fly,  
The bells of memory chime  
And call me to the woods and fields,  
For this is fishing-time.

I dream of mossy stepping-stones  
In lazy amber brooks,  
Of grassy banks with blossoms bright,  
And silent, shady nooks,  
Where I forget the world of toil  
And wash away its grime  
In crystal depths of running streams  
That sing of fishing-time.  
I long to see the sunlit play,  
The minnows' merry schools,  
The trout beneath the shelving bank  
Or in his favorite pool,  
And all the silver finny folk  
That throng the watery clime;  
So hand me out the old brown coat  
I keep for fishing-time.  
—Minna Irving in *Leslie's Weekly*.

**Surprise With an Infernal Machine.**  
Think of constructing an infernal machine out of five wooden toothpicks! And when you get it all fixed and ready to be "touched off," it will



**Ready For the Explosion.**  
make as much fun as any little device you ever heard of.

Here is the way to make it: Select five of the longest and smoothest toothpicks you can find, and place two of them on the bottom of a goblet or wineglass, turned upside down on a table, in the form of the letter X. On these two place a third one, so that it will lie lengthwise along the middle line of the letter.

Now place a pick at each end so that it will rest on top of the middle one and under the ends of the crossed ones. This will make a little bend in the middle pick, causing enough pressure to hold the device together. The picks may be more easily arranged if you get some one to help you.

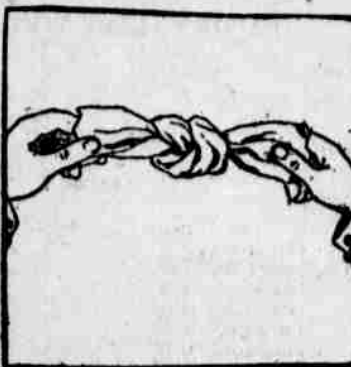
Get a long cork and stick matches into it to represent arms and legs. An extra piece of cork may be carved into a sort of head for the figure, and the effect will thereby be made more grotesque. Or you may make the head with all the features out of new bread, which is malleable enough for the purpose. A little water color paint will make eyes, nose, ears and cheeks.

Now place the figure astride of the middle toothpick, at one end, and you have everything ready for the "going off" of the machine. To bring about the catastrophe you have only to touch a lighted match to the end of one of the crossed toothpicks, and just as soon as enough of it has burned to reach the point of junction the whole device will fly to pieces, and as the bent middle toothpick will spring up when thus released from pressure it will throw the figure into space diamended.

The result is both startling and amusing.

**Knot in Handkerchief.**  
The task is to fold a handkerchief lengthwise; to take hold of both ends with two hands and to make a knot in the handkerchief without letting go of the ends. This is done with the knowledge of a trick.

Place the handkerchief before you, fold your arms a la Napoleon, and take one end of the handkerchief with the left hand, which is now to the right, and the other end with the right hand,



now to the left. By unfolding the arms make a knot in the handkerchief and the trick is done.

**About Your Lessons, Boys.**  
The boy who used to boast of getting the best of his teacher has been heard from. The same traits of character which tempted him to deceive his teacher into believing that he had solved his problems, and completed his tasks himself, led him to cheat his employer, to idle whenever his back was turned, and to shirk his day's work, until he finally lost his position. His lack of education—the result of cheating his teacher—has proved a perpetual handicap, and has lost him many a good situation. His dishonesty, which started in the schoolroom, has grown until nobody will trust him and he has no credit or standing in his community.

As a boy, he thought himself very clever in being able to dodge his lessons and impose upon his teacher; but he realizes now that the person cheated was himself. In those precious days of youth he robbed himself

of pearls of great value which he never will be able to recover.

The thief of time and opportunity often thinks he is enriching himself, but he awakes one day to the truth that he is poorer and meaner for the theft.

**The Sun Curve in the Sky.**  
Get a smooth piece of board, say ten inches square. Get a sheet of ruled note paper and a piece of stiff cardboard about three inches long and half an inch wide. Fasten this card to the edge of the board with a tack. Place the board in a sunny window just before 12 o'clock and mark the place so that you can always place in the same position every day. Lay the sheet on the board so that the first ruled line touches the cardboard. At exactly 12 o'clock place the board so that the shadow of the card will cover the first ruled line. Just on the same minute of 12 mark the top of the shadow on the ruled line with a dot in ink. Do this every day at exactly 12 o'clock, using the next ruled line. Cloudy days skip a line. Mark the shadow on the ruled line for twenty days or longer, if there are more lines. When all are marked join all the dots together with an inked line, and you will see that the line is bent or curved. This curved line shows the curve in the sky the sun follows as the season changes.

**A Punctual Bird.**  
What tempts the little humming bird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the arctic circle, leaving behind him as he does, for a season, many tropical delights? He is the only one of many humming birds that pluckily leaves the land of gayly colored birds to go into voluntary exile in the north, east of the Mississippi. How it stirs the imagination to picture the solitary, tiny migrant, a mere atom of bird life, moving above the range of human sight through the vast dome of the sky, says Nellie Blanchard in *Country Life in America*. He covers the thousands of miles between his winter home and his summer one by easy stages and arrives at his chosen destination at approximately the same date year after year.

**Shadow Pantomimes.**  
This amusement makes lots of fun for the evening. Fix a white sheet across the room, or, what is better, over folding doors. Seat the company before the screen, without lights. The actors dance and act behind the sheet, on which their magnified shadows are cast by the lamp. Occasionally they jump over the lamp, and thus appear to the spectators in front as if they had jumped upward through the cell.



**The Struggle on the Sheet.**  
ing. Some amusing scenes may be contrived with a little ingenuity—chairs and tables may be called down from above by passing them across the light; a struggle between two seeming combatants may take place, and one be seen to throw the other up in the air on the same principle. Of course, the actors must promote the delusion by their gestures, moving their hands and feet as if climbing upward. Care should be taken to keep the profile on the screen as distinct as possible, and practice will soon suggest some highly humorous situations.

**Fun in a Clock's Face.**  
Some amusement may be had in a company of boys and girls by asking them to draw a picture of the face of a clock. Most of them would be likely to draw the letters IV, instead of III, for four, and would forget, perhaps, that all the letters of the dial should stand with their base toward the center.

It is probable that most people read a clock dial by the position of the figures or letters, and disregard the figures themselves. Some of the larger clocks now made for steeples have only a straight line at each hour place and they serve their purpose admirably.

It has been found, however, that while most persons have no accurate knowledge of dials, any marked departure from the usual method of marking them is at once detected. A dial bearing IV, instead of the four straight lines attracts everybody's attention.

**An Egg Experiment.**  
Place a large boiled egg in an egg cup in such a manner that it will not touch the bottom, and the circumference of the egg must be somewhat greater than the width of the cup at the top. If you now grasp the egg and the cup and, turning both upside down, strike the top of the egg against the table, the china cup will break and probably go to pieces; but the egg will remain intact, especially if it has a thick shell. Only the point or tip of the egg is to be brought into contact with the table, and the cup and egg must be firmly held while this is being done.

## EARL OF DUDLEY IS NOT POPULAR WITH THE IRISH



EARL DUDLEY



COUNTESS DUDLEY

### ST. LUCIA NOT DISTURBED.

Remarkable Fact in Connection With Martinique Disaster.

Perhaps the most extraordinary phenomenon which presents itself in connection with the volcanic eruptions at Martinique and St. Vincent is that St. Lucia, lying between the two islands, and only about forty miles distant from the seat of seismic disturbance on either side, has never experienced the slightest tremor, nor have any but the faintest sounds been heard by a few persons; and only once, for a few hours, has the fall of ashes caused darkness to the extent of inconvenience. This is all the more remarkable in that from St. Kitt's, southward to Trinidad, have distinct earth rumblings been experienced and loud detonations heard. Yet the electrical phenomena, especially when Mont Pelee has been active, can be distinctly seen from here.

### WAS BORN IN ILLINOIS.

Urbana the Birthplace of Prominent New York Politician.

Bird S. Coler, who was nominated for governor by the Democratic state convention at Saratoga, N. Y., was controller of New York city under Mayor Van Wyck, and his record in that office made him a gubernatorial possibility several years ago. He was born at Urbana, Ill., thirty-three years



BIRD S. COLER

ago. His ancestors came from Nuremberg, Germany. After living for a time in Chicago the family moved to Brooklyn. Young Coler was educated in the Polytechnic Institute and at the Andover academy, but left the latter school without graduating to become a partner with his father and brothers in the banking house of W. N. Coler & Co., Nassau street, and he became the stock exchange member of the firm.

### Attar of Ylang-ylang.

Attar of ylang-ylang, which rivals the attar of roses as an exquisite perfume and sells at \$40 to \$50 or more a pound, is the product of an Asiatic tree that reaches its highest development in the Philippine Islands. According to the St. Paul Globe. The tree grows to a height of sixty feet; when 3 years old begins bearing long greenish-yellow flowers, and at the age of 8 may produce yearly 100 pounds of these flowers, blossoming every month. The attar is obtained by simple distillation of the choicest petals with water, no chemicals being used. Besides its value as a perfume for hair and toilet waters, the product is prized among the natives as a medicine, being credited with curing toothache and other pains.

The Earl of Dudley must rely for his popularity with the people of Ireland, to whom he has been sent by the British government as lord lieutenant, to his young and pretty wife, for he has shown himself tactless and lacking in sympathy with the people over whom he rules. The Countess of Dudley was one of the beauties of English society when she married, and has great charm of manner, perhaps sufficient to overcome the dislike which has been evinced for her husband.

The operation of the crimes act, with the imprisonment of Irish leaders who are charged by the British government with fomenting sedition, has still further estranged the people. The position of the Earl of Dudley can in no sense be called a sinecure.

Possibly the Duke of Marlborough, with his beautiful American wife and the millions which she brought him, might have had more success as the occupant of the vice-regal lodge in Dublin, but even this is doubtful.



COUNTESS DUDLEY

### A NEGRESS' GOOD LUCK.

Owens a Mine in Colorado for Which She Refused \$600,000.

Lulu R. Davis, a colored woman of Chicago, claims to be the owner of a mine in Colorado for which she has refused \$600,000, offered by a syndicate. The property is located in a place called Plainfield, twenty miles south of Cripple Creek. In 1890 real estate agents were booming Plainfield



LULU R. DAVIS.

as future rival to Denver and one of them visited Owensboro, Ky., where the Davis woman was then employed in the family of Dr. Stirman. Following the latter's advice she invested some of her savings in a lot in Plainfield. The boom for Plainfield, however, did not materialize and to-day the place is not even listed in the United States postoffice directory. Last year gold was discovered in a ravine close to her property and now it develops that the lot owned by her is the richest in the precious metal in that part of Colorado. She is willing to sell for \$1,000,000 and so informed the syndicate who offered her the \$600,000 for the property. Should the deal be consummated she will be the richest person of negro blood in the United States.

### MAY HAVE ANOTHER CARDINAL.

Rumor That Archbishop Ireland is to Receive the Red Hat.

It has been authoritatively stated at Rome that the United States is to have another cardinal, and it is believed Archbishop Ireland will be chosen, and that the Chicago diocese will be his headquarters.

Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, some sixty-four years ago, and it is said of him that he has established a "Kilkenny paradise" in Minnesota.

He dearly loves the land of his birth,



ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

but no man is a truer or better American than Archbishop John Ireland.

He is not only an eminent divine, a pillar of the Catholic church, but a poet, scholar, author and musician.

## WITH THE JESTERS

HUMOR OF LIFE PUT UP IN SMALL PACKAGES.

Opening of the Hunting Season Duly Chronicled—Little Circumstance That Cheered Up Unfortunate Man—in the "Smart Set."

**Adding Insult to Injury.**  
She had just handed him the frosty mitt, but he was game to the last hurdle.

"If you are ever in trouble," he said, "do not hesitate to lift up your voice and you will find me 'Johnny on the spot.'"

"I'm in trouble now," answered the human refrigerator with a sigh long drawn out.

"And behold!" exclaimed the unsympathetic youth, "I am here."

"Yes," she said, "that's the trouble."

**His Case Not So Bad After All.**

"Ah, it's a sad old world," sighed the man who had been cheated out of \$20.

"Yes," assented his neighbor; "one of my horses got his head fast in the haystack last night and broke his neck. I was offered \$200 for him less than a month ago."

"Tshaw! That's too bad. Looks as though it was going to brighten up, don't it?" And he went on his way whistling cheerfully.

### Up Against a Freat.

Jack—So you managed to get acquainted with Miss Miggins at the seashore, eh?

Tom—Yes. She dropped her handkerchief on the beach, and after picking it up I made a few remarks for the purpose of breaking the ice as it were.

Jack—And was your ice-breaking effort a success?

Tom—Oh, yes; but I didn't cut any.

### Might Be She Bumps.

"That man is a phrenologist, Pat."

"A what?" asked Pat, puzzled.

"A phrenologist."

"An' sure, what's that, sorr?"

"Why, a man that can tell, by feeling the bumps on your head, what kind of a man you are."

"Bumps on my head, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Begorra, then, I think it would give him more of an idea what kind of a woman me wife is!"

### Not in Any Rush.

"Swing low, sweet chariot!" exclaimed Deacon Darkleigh. "Swing low! Swing right straight in ermost up, en pick us up w'enst we ain't lookin', en tek us off w'ilst we nevah dreamin' dat yo' comin' at all! Swing low, en swing fast!"

"Hol' on dah, Brothah Darkleigh," shouted Elder Snowball. "Hol' on dah. We doan' wan' no ottermobile business erbout dis yah sweet chariot!"

### The Easier Way.

"I've been two weeks trying to coax my husband to give me \$50 to buy a new dress," complained Mrs. Gazzam to Mrs. Wiffles.

"I never do that."

"What do you do?"

"I have my new dress charged and leave my husband to fight it out with the collector."—Harper's Bazar.

### Conflict of Opinion.

"What a bright looking baby!" commented the male caller.

"Do you think so?" asked the proud father. "You know everybody says it looks just like me."

"Well, you believe what I tell you, old man," replied the caller, soothingly. "The others are jealous—that's what's the matter with them."

### Out of Sorts.

"See here," said the conceited young stump speaker, "you promised to print my speech in full, and you haven't given more than half of it."

"Yes," replied the editor of the county paper, "but I didn't promise to buy the extra fonts of capital I's we found we'd need."

### Hunting Note.



The "coon" season is now on.

### Sorry He Spoke.

Little Girl—"Please, sir, mamma wants a spool of red silk."

Crusty Shopkeeper—"Why didn't your mother have sense enough to tell you the exact shade of red?"

Little Girl—"She did, sir; she said about the color of your nose."

### Might Be Worse.

Mrs. Parver—And then the whole awful story got into the papers.

Mrs. Beenthere—Oh, well, matters might be still worse. It might have been dramatized.—Judge.

Thoughtful.  
"Have you any more duns?" inquired the sultan of Turkey.  
"A few," answered the court official.

"Well, let me have them."  
"I hope your majesty is not going to allow yourself to be personally worried by these importunate—" "Net at all. The pearl of the harem wants them. She is making an autograph collection."

### Brought Him to Time.

Mary—"George, I have heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man."

George—"I am that. Why?"

Mary—"Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years, I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business."

He maintained his reputation.

### His Sympathetic Feeling.

"The days are growing shorter," remarked Simplemuss.

"They have my sympathy," remarked the Wise Guy; "I have the best of them."

"How so?"

"I can't be any shorter than I am now."

### Why So Cruel?



It—Yaas—I love music, but strange to say I can't carry a single air in my head.

She—it is strange. There's room enough for a whole opera?

### No Wonder.

Doris—Yes, she was furious about the way in which that paper reported her marriage.

Helen—Did it allude to her age?

Doris—Indirectly. It stated that "Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well known collector of antiquities."

### A Sure Winner.

"Do you think there is any prospect of inventing a flying machine that will be commercially useful?"

"Certainly," answered the aeronaut. "I have one which is bound to make money. All you have to do is to get people to pay for the privilege of seeing it go up."

### Case Was Hopeless.

"But he comes from one of the best families," urged the mother.

"Oh, yes, I know," she said, wearily, "but couldn't he be induced to return?"

And then her parent knew it was of no further use trying to arrange the match.

### Troubles Still Ahead.

"Well," said the lady who was endeavoring to give the widow consolation on the way home from the cemetery, "the worst is over now."

"I'm afraid not," answered the afflicted one, "the lawyer says there's a bad flaw in one of the insurance policies."

### Condensed.

Side Show Man—See here, your paper said the biggest snake in my state fair show was twenty feet long, when it's really thirty-one feet.

Editor—Sorry, but we were crowded for space yesterday and had to cut everything down.—Indianapolis News.

### In "the Smart Set."

"I understand the old phrase about 'marrying and giving in marriage' is now considered obsolete in Gotham's swell set."

"How have they changed it?" "Why, they speak of 'marrying and buying in marriage.'"

### Still Under the Spell.

Mrs. Powers—Hezekiah, if you were to live your life all over again, and it came to the matter of choosing a wife, do you think you would choose me?

Mr. Powers—(submissively)—There's no doubt about it, Maria, provided you wanted me.

### What Did She Mean?

Mr. Dearone—"Fancy! I put my hat on that wet towel. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I shall place it next?"

Mrs. Dearone—"On your head, I suppose, love."

### A Child's Frankness.

Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:

"I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it—but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."

### Gloveless Preliminaries.

Dinwiddle—The governor of Kentucky is trying to stop a prize fight scheduled for that state.

Van Braam—Yes, the Kentucky authorities will endeavor to handle the glove contest without gloves.

### A Snade Ahead.

"Yes, I believe in ghosts. I have seen at least one in my life."

"Well, I have never seen any. You have a shade the best of me."